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pay the wool-grower for its keep. The wrinkles show breeding, and can be got rid of in a very short time, but it will be at the expense of the best qualities of your flock. How few breeding ewes are very wrinkly? Even when bred from the most wrinkly rams it is seldom they have an excess. Rams are different in this respect, and it is well they are, as it enables those who feel like following Mr. Woodward's ideas to get back to a solid foundation again after they have concluded the experiment has gone far enough. And these greasy fleeces, Mr. Woodward, are better wool, the staple more even and stronger through the protecting influence of the oil, than the dry, white, loose fleece, devoid of quality or style, which would be common were your advice followed.

**THE PRACTICAL, VS. ESTHETICISM.**

In a recent number of the *N. Y. Tribune*, there appeared an extract taken from the *Springfield Republican* on "The Brushy Roadside," that was a sample of the sentimental grist annually sent out to tutor farmers up to an appreciation of what is considered real beauty along a country drive. It says: "A country road should not be like a park drive. In the open country, whether valley or mountain, there is nothing more pleasing to the eye than the brushy roadside where birches, poplars, sumacs, and elders and the rest, grow as the Lord lets them." Then follows a long list of creeping vines, which the writer would have climbing over the walls and fences to make a walk or drive "a rare delight." He speaks of the "vicious enmity" which farmers seem to have for such natural growths. This kind of sentiment is applauded and copied, as conveying the right kind of teaching for country people, because it makes a contrast from "park drives," and furnishes a splendid resort for picnics, and unlimited trespass. The farmer's side of the question is seldom heard. The "vicious enmity" exhibited, when he grubs out the elders, sumacs, and the rest, is attributed to pure wantonness, or to a desire only to keep the help busy; but the neighbors, who have country tastes, and practical ideas, say he is "slicing up" and improving the farm. This usually happens upon a change of ownership. The former easy proprietor allowed the vines to rot down his fence, the "elders, sumacs, and the rest," to spread from the fence corners and gradually extend into the cultivated field or meadow, to such an extent along all his borders, that his neighbors call him "slack," but city people admire the lack of that "vicious enmity" which restrains wild nature, and call him "esthetic." Now this kind of estheticism on the farm will not fill barns with hay for winter, nor restrain the stock in summer, for a "glorious bush," that makes a walk or drive "a rare delight," does not impress a hungry steer with its sacredness as a barrier, nor as a thing of beauty, especially when some succulent herbage is growing just beyond it. I have known farms to run down, the farmer to lose his credit, and his children to get ragged, where "glorious bushes" and vines ranged along the whole roadside and bordered his line fences, where birches, elders and sumacs grew as the Lord let them—all because he lacked that "vicious enmity" which should have cut them down, or plowed the place to raise potatoes and tall corn. As the farm ceases to pay and assumes a forsaken air, in that degree the rusticking city editor measures its value. He asserts that "nature has some rights." This I admit, but not the right to dominate in fence corners along the roadside. Back in the bush pasture we enjoy such sights, as well as city people, and any tidy farmer would delight to open his gate and let them go down his lane to where nature is unrestrained. I argue that nature has no right from the center of the road to the limit of the cleared land. It is begging the question to say "as the Lord lets them." I find occasionally a dozen Canada thistles growing vigorously on my farm, and the Lord would let them grow doubtless, but I won't. Elder bushes in the fence corners are a constant pest. Not two weeks ago I exhibited that "vicious enmity" which the *Springfield Republican* man rails against, by spending an hour on a wet morning, pulling out elder bushes, roots and all, and this I submit to those who are not too esthetic to adopt it, as the best way to destroy them. The farmer must make a persistent warfare against nature, or vagrant weeds and bushes would usurp his domain. Anything that has a tendency to sprout and spread like elders, sumac, allanthes, silver leaf maple, locust and kindred scourges should get a touch of that "enmity" which uproots them.

I believe in roadside trees, and live on street which exhibits my faith them. From the little town two miles away to my farm, each side of the road is bordered by a continuous line of hard maple trees, 30 to 40 feet high and, as I look out upon them, each appears as a conical bouquet of color. Beyond me, for nearly two miles farther, trees predominate along the road, but there are neither elders nor sumacs, nor creepers on the fences, nor would they be allowed there a moment. I have seen a lot of good-for-nothing country, that would delight the eyes of these impractical theorists. There were bosky banks, sylvan shades, tangled groves and all that, and besides,

blackberry bushes, and brakes, and prickly ash, and green briar enough to tear pretty tough pantaloons, and all this for sale cheap, because nobody wanted it, even to look at; and yet these men would have us simulate such forsaken appearance, and try and make us believe it is cultivated taste. I hope farmers everywhere will have sense enough to say to unrestrained nature, and these itinerant tourists, "hands off." We will control within our little domain according to our ideas of beauty, propriety, and profit, and set our groves and shade trees near the house, and along the roadside, in accordance with country taste and with some practical ideas of utility.

**WOOL TRADE OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.**

From a report of the American Consul at Buenos Ayres we take the following interesting statements regarding the wool trade of that country, which has recently become an important competitor with the United States and Australia in the production of fine wools. The report says:

"The wool season of 1885-86, which is just now closing in the Argentine Republic, already exhibits a large deficit on the returns of the previous year. The following figures, which have been made up by one of the leading wool brokers of this market, show the exports from the port of Buenos Ayres from October 1 to July 15 of each season, respectively:

	1884-5.	1885-6.
Destination.	Bales.	Bales.
France	132,300	148,167
Belgium	84,802	75,965
Germany	57,321	42,833
United States	4,336	1,464
England	8,339	6,485
Italy	5,555	8,590
Other places	1,694	796
Total	315,147	384,186

"The total clip of 1884-85 amounted to 315,147 bales, all of which, except 3,713 bales, had gone forward by the 15th of July, while the shipments of 1885-86 up to the 15th of July reach only to 384,186. If we make an allowance of 5,000 bales as the balance of the latter clip which remains to be shipped—a figure which is regarded as rather over the amount—it will be seen that the total clip shows a deficit of about 30,000 bales. The deficit in reality, however, is much larger than this, as every year heretofore there has been an average balance of 20,000 bales carried from one clip to the next, while this season there is no stock whatever on hand, so that the actual deficit is upwards of 50,000 bales, equal to upwards of 30,000,000 pounds.

**THE NEXT WOOL CLIP.**

"In regard to the approaching wool clip (1886-87) the prospect is still more unpromising. It is thought that there will be fully 75,000 bales less than the figures of 1884-85. The reasons for this opinion are based on the fact that the winter, which is just now closing in the province of Buenos Ayres, the principal seat of the pastoral industry in the Argentine Republic, has been the severest on the cattle and sheep which has occurred in many years. The rains of the first part of the season, causing floods over an unusually large portion of the province, and the heavy frosts and freezing which have occurred since, have made terrible havoc among the flocks and herds. The losses from these causes are not confined to one locality, but are general. The number of animals which have died in consequence of the severity of the weather are estimated at 13,000,000, and valued at \$17,958,000.

"The last census put the number of sheep in this province at 69,000,000; and as the usual net increase is about 20 per cent per annum, making allowance for the animals killed for food, it will be seen that the increase in the flocks this year will be reduced by the last winter's losses to an almost nominal figure.

**FATAL DISEASE AMONG THE FLOCKS.**

"But the flocks and the frosts are not the only troubles which the sheep farmers are just now contending against. Whilst these have been doing the work of destruction, a very singular and fatal disease is now also devastating the flocks. The nature of the malady is not understood, but it seems to be the result of worms in the throat and lungs, and it is said to be fatal to every animal it attacks. Some flocks, which safely escaped the floods, have been more than decimated by this singular disease, and its ravages are still going on. Besides this, the foot-rot on nearly all the inside 'camps' is unusually prevalent, in some cases whole flocks being scarcely able to walk. And the scab, which is now spreading all over the country, and which, in the absence of any scab law, attacks even the best cared for flocks, assists, with the other causes I have mentioned, to make the sheep and wool interest of the Argentine Republic in a decidedly unsatisfactory condition. For the reasons here given, the deficit in the approaching wool clip of the Argentine Republic, it is predicted, will be upwards of 75,000 bales, or about 45,000,000 pounds."

**MR. D. L. CAMPBELL**, of Royal Oak, says he has rid his sheep of ticks, and his cattle of lice, by using Persian Insect Powder. It should be fresh.

Ann Arbor Courier: Henry Twamley, of North Lake, and Valentine Brothers, of Dexter, have gone to London, Canada, to purchase a car of Shropshire sheep, and expect to return with as fine a lot of them as can be found in the Canadian market.

**FRAUDULENT JERSEY PEDIGREES.**

In the weekly issue of the *National Live Stock Journal* we find the following:

"Seth L. Hoover, of Columbus, Ohio, has been expelled from the American Jersey Cattle Club, charged with registering grade animals as pure breeds. Our old readers will remember that in May, 1883, we published a list of 43 Jerseys whose pedigrees were dropped from the A. J. C. C. Register, on account of fraudulent entries which had been made by means of forged signatures. At a meeting of breeders of Jersey cattle held in this city March 8, 1883, Mr. W. S. Taylor, one of the directors of the American Jersey Cattle Club, produced the papers to show that the signatures were forged by Geo. M. Hoover, who is a brother of the Seth L. Hoover mentioned above. So far as we could learn there was nothing then to show that Seth L. Hoover was implicated with his brother, and we stated that we believed him to be honest. Since then we have become convinced we were mistaken in our estimation of him, and we are not at all surprised to hear that he has been found guilty of fraud and expelled.

"At the time, we claimed it was the duty of the directors to publish the result of their investigations in the case of Geo. M. Hoover as a matter of protection for the public. As it was, he could continue in the business and record stock in the name of his wife, Mrs. R. A. Hoover, who is, we hear, with her husband, a party to the frauds just exposed. It now remains to be seen how many of the pedigrees which have passed through the hands of these three are fraudulent. Doubtless the careful examination will be made and the list published."

Over a year ago we learned that the Jersey Cattle Club was engaged in investigating the transactions of Mr. S. L. Hoover, and it was said by the party from whom we got the information that as soon as the Club was in possession of proof sustaining the charges of fraud the whole matter should be made public. Since that time rumors have been floating around regarding this matter, but no authoritative statement has yet been made by the Club. As sufficient time has elapsed to enable the Club to investigate the matter thoroughly, and having failed to do what we deem was their duty, we publish the article from the *Journal* as a warning to those in Michigan who are interested in Jersey cattle. In this connection we cannot refrain from saying that in our opinion the Club has been derelict in its duty to the public in this matter, and that its attempt to hush up such frauds is a sure and certain means of destroying the confidence of the public in the records published by it. It should be the policy of all associations to give the public prompt and early warning of fraud or attempted fraud upon the part of a breeder or dealer, and they are neglecting their duty when they do less than this. The action of the Shorthorn Breeders' Association in the case of the Mitchell Brothers, of this State, was in strong contrast to the action of the Jersey Cattle Club in the three cases mentioned above, and will stand as a warning to frauds as well as a strong argument in favor of the utility and honesty of the records published by it. Let the Jersey breeders insist upon like action when a fraud is discovered, if they wish to keep their records free from suspicion.

**REMARKABLE IF IT WERE ONLY TRUE.**

The *Country Gentleman*, one of our most valued agricultural exchanges, has had a correspondent writing up the Jewett Stock Farm, near Aurora, N. Y. As Michigan people are interested in knowing something about this stock farm, as it is the home of the greatest stallion ever bred in this State, we looked over the article to see if it contained anything new. It did. Some of the statements were so surprising that they deserve being placed on record. The correspondent said:

"Here is kept the famous Jerome Eddy. They paid \$25,000 for him when he was a colt, and one can judge whether it was a good investment or not, when I say that he brings in an income of about \$13,000 a year, kept for stock purposes alone. He is very fast, easily making a mile in 2:10 1/2 without training."

Here are new laurels for Eddy. Sold for \$25,000 as a colt! Easily making a mile in 2:10 1/2 without training! We would like to know where all this information came from? How old has a colt to be before he becomes a horse? And how could a horse go through a couple of campaigns on the turf without training? There never was a horse foaled which could go a mile in 2:10 1/2 without training. Jerome Eddy was dropped in 1875, and is therefore eleven years old. He was sold by Dewey & Stewart, who bred him, in 1883, so that he was eight years old when he became the property of Mr. H. C. Jewett. His best time, 2:16 1/2, was made at Buffalo in 1883, in a contest with Black Cloud. It was after that race that he passed into Mr. Jewett's hands. That correspondent must be a Polled Angus or a Jersey Red man, to write such nonsense about a horse so well known to everybody who ever read anything about the great American trotter.

**Great Depression in the Price of Indian Wheat.**

The future of Indian wheat, says the *British Mail*, is the question of the hour for wheat growers in Europe and America, and there are indications that the attention of the farmers of Australia is likely to be directed to the consideration of the problem more closely than they will care for. Two vessels have landed 500 tons of wheat each

in Australia from India, and 1,000 tons more are following. There is no doubt that the wheat resources of India are enormous, and that, with the lowest-priced labor in the world and a splendid soil, grain can be produced at a price which few countries can hope to rival. The extension of railways and the low freights which have prevailed during the last three or four years have opened the eyes of merchants and growers in India to the possibilities that lie before them, and the problem of the hour in the trade is how much wheat India likely to put on the market year by year, and can she continue to send it at the ruinously low prices which have recently prevailed? The alarm of wheat-growers is not groundless. Ten years ago India was exporting about one million cwt. of wheat a year; how she is exporting twenty million cwt., and she is doing that and making a profit when farmers everywhere else are in consternation at the price at which they have to sell.

The chief secret of India's ability to undersell her competitors is the nominal wage for which the ryot will work. Sir James Caird says that an Indian family of four can live comfortably on \$25 6s. a year, and clothe themselves for 30s. more. An American, writing from India a month or two ago, said that twenty-five farm coolies cost no more for wages there than one farm hand does in the United States; in addition to which the Indian boards and lodges himself. The Chinaman has always seemed to the Yankee to have reached the lowest possible point in cheap living, but this writer says that, as compared with the Hindoo, he cannot get a foothold. The tools used are of the cheapest and most primitive character. What passes for a plow is a rough wooden implement which simply tears up the ground. It costs 1s. 6d., and is drawn by a pair of bullocks, the average cost of which is 32s. the two. The only other implement used is a clod-crusher, and this is merely an ordinary log of wood which is dragged by the bullocks sideways across the field. One of the most serious items in the cost of cultivation is watering the soil. This has to be done three times during the growth of a crop, and costs altogether about 10s. an acre. This is an item of cost which, with improved irrigation arrangements may be reduced. The total cost of cultivating an acre of wheat in the Punjab has been stated to be as follows:

Rent, per acre, 14s. 6d.; cartage of manure, 4s. 10d.; 150 lbs. of seed, 8s. 6d.; plowing twenty times, 3s. 13d.; sowing by hand, 7s. 4d.; watering three times, 18s.; reaping and carrying, 2s. 6d.; threshing, 1s. 5d.; winnowing, 3s. 4d.—total \$2 1s. 11 1/2d. On good irrigated land the crops average about 17 bushels per acre. On ordinary dry land 10 bushels is the average. Two crops are got in a year—one in October and the other in April. The Northwest province and Oude are the chief wheat producing districts. They comprise an area of more than 100,000 square miles of excellent soil. Last year the total area devoted to growing wheat in the whole of India was 37,820,233 acres, which produced close upon 300,000,000 bushels. It has been contended in some quarters that as India has with full crops only been able to export about one-sixth or one-seventh of her production, she is not likely to glut the markets of the world to any serious extent. The fact, however, seems to be overlooked that India is only just developing facilities for getting its wheat away from some of the most productive districts. More wheat has not been exported simply because it could not be got to ports of shipment at a reasonable cost. In good years enormous quantities have been left to rot on the ground because there were not means of exportation. But once open up a market for the grain, and make it possible to reach it easily, and there is scarcely any limit to the quantity that can be produced.—*U. S. Economist*.

**PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN ILLINOIS.**

On Monday and Tuesday of last week the Live Stock Sanitary Commission met in this city. All the members were present. President H. H. Hinds presented a full report of the result of his visit to Chicago the previous week, of which the following is a partial summary: He visited the infected districts and the quarantined distilleries. He saw animals in all stages of the disease, from those in apparent health to the dead animal, and witnessed some of the post mortems. All the veterinarians appear to agree that the disease is contagious pleuro-pneumonia. It was entirely apparent to Mr. Hinds that the sick cattle were suffering from acute lung trouble, and that the dead cattle had died from some lung plague; therefore he has no hesitancy in reporting the trouble as contagious pleuro-pneumonia. He also reports that the Stock Yards at Chicago are keeping a strict quarantine against all Chicago cattle, and have apparently a clean bill of health, no cattle being received there except by rail. As all the cattle of commerce which come to Michigan are from the Stock Yards, the danger of infection from that point is reduced to a minimum.

In view of the complications incident to the maintenance of a quarantine against Chicago, with all the great lines of traffic crossing Michigan, the Commission decided, upon the recommendation of the Governor,

to appoint a competent agent and practical stockman to proceed to Chicago, carefully watch all shipments of cattle, and see that no diseased or exposed cattle are shipped to Michigan.

**FARMER TAXATION.**

Mr. C. Boley, of Pittsford, Hillsdale County, requests the publication of the following list of articles upon which he alleges farmers have to pay a tax through the operations of the tariff. We give place to it willingly, merely eliminating all reference to political parties, which we cannot admit in our columns. The article says:

It will be wise for the farmers to take a glance at the articles upon which they are taxed, and the amount that they are compelled to pay. It will be observed that almost every article that he uses is burdened with taxation. As against all this, he is promised a tax of two cents per pound on wool additional. The tariff on one suit of clothes would more than eat up all the benefit that the ordinary farmer could secure from any tariff that could be laid on wool. The farmer is unprotected and the monopolist is the gainer. Look at the figures.

Animals.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Hoof iron	30	30
Man, brass	40	40
Knives and razors	50	50
Brushes	30	30
Pistons	35	35
Other iron tools	30	30
Cotton thread	30	30
and machinery	45	45
Cotton cloth	35	35
Lead	81	81
Cotton clothing	30	30
Shoes	30	30
Stockings	30	30
Earthware	55	55
Leather man's fact.	res. 40	
Sugar	40	40
Woolen cloth	30	30
Hemp	16	16
Molasses	29	29
Tobacco	70	70
Manila rope	16	16
Flax thread & twine	40	40
Carpet	40	40
Bags and bagging	40	40
Ladies' cloaks	76	76
Linens	85	85
Raisins	29	29
Dress goods, part wool	67	67
Furs	40	40
Knit goods	30	30
Window glass, 34 to 15	34	34
Glassware	45	45
Yarn	30	30
Straw hats	30	30
Nails	45	45
Steel rails	65	65

**SALT FOR WHEAT.**

CANTON, Mich., Oct. 25, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I am a young farmer, and would like to know from some of the readers of the *FARMER* when is the best time to put salt on wheat, new or in the spring? Also if it would do to put it in with the drill along with the grain, or sow it on the top of the ground.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES WILES.

Salt can be used to advantage either way. We know of one farmer in this county who applies 150 lbs. of refuse salt to the acre, drilling it in with his wheat. He insists that he gets the best results from applying it in this manner. But most farmers who use salt apply it in the spring, and put it on at the rate of 200 to 400 lbs. per acre. It improves the straw, makes it stand up better, makes the grain plumper and cleaner, and is a great help during a dry year. It is also a splendid thing for insects, the salt driving them out of the ground, and thus preventing their ravages. Of course some pests which infest the wheat plant do not seem to be affected by the salt, but many grubs and worms are, and leave in disgust. You need not be afraid of applying the salt too heavily if you do not exceed 500 lbs. per acre. Up to that amount it is perfectly safe. The refuse salt, or agricultural salt, as it is called, is better than the pure salt.

**A Line Fence.**

CLARKSTON, Mich., Oct. 9, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please tell me what constitutes a line fence. A wall made of stone, four feet on bottom, two and a half feet high on the top of the wall, would you consider a lawful line fence? Then another fence four rails high, with a rail across the corner, then stakes and a rider? If neither of these constitutes a line fence I want to know what does. As I understand a line fence should be 4 1/2 feet high, but in regard to the tightness of it I don't understand the requirements. Should there be spaces of one, two or three inches? I want to clearly understand what constitutes a line fence. Please answer through the *FARMER* and oblige a subscriber.

**Answer.**—A lawful division fence, as defined by our Michigan statute, must be "four and one-half feet high, and in good repair, consisting of rails, timber, boards or stone walls, or any other combination thereof, all brooks, rivers, ponds, creeks, ditches, and hedges, or other things which may be considered equivalent thereto in the judgment of the fence viewers within whose jurisdiction the same may be." (Howell's Statutes, Sec. 796). A division fence ought to be high enough and strong enough to turn all farm animals of ordinary gentleness, but where are breach cattle and horses which no ordinary lawful fence will restrain. It will be seen from the statute quoted that the question of the lawfulness of a division fence, beyond its height and the materials of which it may be built, is largely left to the discretion of the fence viewers, who are the pathmasters of the district. There is no restriction upon the materials used in erecting it, and a barbed wire fence is a lawful fence, if in the judgment of the fence viewers it is equal to the lawful requirements.

**Experience With Ashes.**

President Smith, of Wisconsin, says, as reported in the *N. Y. Tribune*, that wood ashes are not only profitable as a fertilizer, but prevent drouth; if leached, he uses twice the usual quantity. He manures heavily with fine compost on surface when ready to plant cabbage or small fruit. This, with frequent cultivation in dry weather,

prevents drouth. He drains his soil at a cost of \$22.15 per acre. Potatoes growing where 75 bushels of ashes per acre have been applied, yielded four times as much as where none had been applied. He applied 100 bushels of ashes per acre for cabbages, and succeeded while his neighbors failed from drouth. Irrigation is profitable where not too expensive, but do not water at all unless you can water liberally. A little water simply crusts the soil, keeping out air and light dews and showers. Thirty thousand gallons per acre each week is none too much for cabbages, while strawberries need much more. An inch of water applied by hand will not do so much good as an inch of rainfall. His waterworks cost \$1,000. He will enlarge them. Mr. Ohmer, by frequent cultivation from blackberries, secured 568 bushels from five acres during a drouth, while his neighbors failed.

**Wants to Know who is the Secretary.**

ELMER, Oct. 28, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—About a year ago, I purchased five registered Merino ewes from the flock of J. W. Basley, of Greenbush, Clinton Co., as a foundation for a flock of thoroughbred sheep. These ewes are recorded in volumes one and two of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Register, and were with lamb by Emperor 263; bred by Wm. Ball and owned by Mr. Basley. Now I wish to have the lambs recorded, and desire the address of the Secretary of the above named Association, and the terms upon which the volumes of the Register may be obtained. I had been informed that Mr. W. J. G. Dean was the Secretary, and wrote him, inclosing stamp for reply, which I have never received, and therefore concluded that I must have been misinformed. Any information you can give me on the above subject, either through the columns of the *FARMER* or by letter, will be very thankfully received.

YOUNG SHEEP-BREEDER.

**Answer.**—The Secretary of the Association is Mr. W. J. G. Dean, of Hanover, Jackson Co., Mich. Perhaps your letter has miscarried. Better write him again, as he can answer your inquiries officially, and explain fully the requirements to insure registry.

**Slat and Wire Fence.**

In response to an inquiry from an Ohio man as to the merits of the slat and wire fence, often recommended to farmers as solving the fence problem, C. H. Wines, of Chelsea, this State, gives his views, based on practical experience, in the *Ohio Farmer*:

"My own feeling and that of many other farmers in Michigan, before we had any experience, was, that we had realized the desideratum of all our hopes on the all-important question of farm fencing. Some farmers, and especially those selling the right to build the fence (for it was a patent), claimed in boastful terms that one cord of bolts would build forty rods of good fence; hence all our first fences were built very light and proved very unsatisfactory. Our more sagacious stock, and especially cattle and hogs, learned the weak points of the fence.

"The spans from post to post being from twelve to sixteen feet they soon found they could lift with their noses the span and sway it, thus loosening it from the posts, then pigs would go under it and the cows go through it. When once this lesson was learned we found it a difficult matter to prevent their going where they pleased. If by any means the wire is broken it can never be repaired and become a sound fence again. When it needs repairing 'there is the rub' what to do, and how to do it, is a question I've never been able to solve.

"At a later date, dear experience has taught us our mistakes and we have built up slats from three-fourths to one inch in thickness, six wires are used instead of four, and we are better pleased with results. Another improvement has been made by nailing slats over the wire to attach the fence to the posts, instead of using staples. The slat in a measure prevents the vibrating, caused by the wind when only fastened by staples, which often breaks the wire. My conclusion after twelve years of experience of the whole matter is this: Since it requires six wires to build a good fence with slats, and only seven or eight barbed wires will build one less liable to need repairs and much easier to be repaired, that the latter will be the more profitable fence for the farmer to build.

**GOVERNOR ALGER** has appointed Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, Livingston County; W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills, Washtenaw County; Chas. F. Moore, of St. Clair, St. Clair County; and I. H. Butterfield, of Lapeer, Lapeer County, as delegates to represent Michigan at the National Cattle Growers' convention, which meets in Chicago, Ill., Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th and 17th of November.

THREE different correspondents have written us this week inquiring why the scouring record of the fleeces shown at the State shearings has not been published in the *FARMER*. The only reason we know of is because it has never been sent us for publication. We have been ready to publish it at any time for the past five months, and just as ready now as ever.



## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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## MICHIGAN FARMER.

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

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## MICHIGAN FARMER.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1886.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-  
office as second class matter.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 305,136 bu., against 335,741 bu., the previous week and 379,234 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 374,315 bu. against 394,837 bu. the previous week, and 304,483 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,669,095 bu., against 1,840,578 bu. last week and 1,810,327 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 23 was 55,374,340 bu. against 53,828,559 bu. the previous week, and 45,663,616 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 1,445,801 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Oct. 23 were 958,191 bu. against 1,056,918 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 11,154,936 bu. against 3,860,900 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

After a week of considerable activity, with fluctuations within narrow limits, the market closed on Saturday with prices on spot and all grades of futures lower than a week ago. The close was steady, with a good demand from shippers as well as from local and near-by mills. The sales of spot and futures footed up 3,174,000 bu. for the week, as compared with 1,892,000 bu. the previous week. Yesterday this market opened steady, with a fair demand. Later it improved under reports of a good export demand and a much smaller increase in the visible supply than was looked for. At the close prices on both spot and future were higher than on Saturday. Chicago also improved, and closed at outside prices. New was also firm and higher at the close. The Liverpool market was quiet but steady, and country markets were a shade higher.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from October 1st to November 1st inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Oct. 1	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 2	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 3	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 4	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 5	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 6	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 7	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 8	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 9	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 10	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 11	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 12	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 13	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 14	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 15	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 16	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 17	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 18	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 19	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 20	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 21	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 22	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 23	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 24	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 25	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 26	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 27	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 28	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 29	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
" 30	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Nov. 1	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices each day of the past week on the various deals of No. 1 white:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Tuesday	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
Wednesday	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
Thursday	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
Friday	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
Saturday	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2
Sunday	76 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.
Tuesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Wednesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Thursday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Friday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Saturday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Sunday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2

The market had to contend with several weakening influences the past week, such as large receipts at the west, a lighter export demand, and the apparent certainty of another heavy increase in the "visible supply." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that buyers were very conservative, and that the "bear" interest was in the ascendancy all week.

Reports from abroad showed the markets to be much in the condition of our own—prices low and business very quiet. One element of strength is the fact that the crops of Great Britain have turned out much worse than anticipated. The quality of the grain is considerably inferior to that of last year, and its quantity decidedly smaller—indeed, it seems doubtful if it will reach 60,000,000 imperial bushels, against 79,635,709 bushels in 1885, and 82,066,994 bushels in 1884. It seems likely, too, that the large deficiency already known to exist will be somewhat increased. In estimating the probable yield in the United Kingdom, the wheat crop of Scotland was reckoned in at a given quantity, upon a known acreage, leaving out of the question possible damage to it from climatic causes. The Scotch wheat crop is not large of itself (1,895,501 imperial bushels in 1885, and 2,384,361 bushels in 1884), but the weather has been very rainy for some time, materially interfering with the ingathering of the grain, and it is reported from Scotland that the bulk of this year's crop is still in the fields uncut, and in certain districts where it has been cut and stacked much of it is now being lost, or has germinated. It is now believed that the requirements of Great Britain will necessitate the importation of 150,000,000 bu. of wheat during the crop year.

The Russian crop has also turned out to be very light, and in some districts of inferior quality. Exports from that country

are very light. Low prices had also cut down exports from India very materially. The receipts of home and foreign grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending Oct. 23 were 320,000 to 400,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption; and for the eight previous weeks the receipts are estimated to have been 699,000 bu. less than the consumption.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	38,285,559
On passage for United Kingdom	14,024,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	4,650,000
Total bushels Oct. 14, 1886	72,959,559
Total bushels Oct. 23, 1886	72,959,559
Total bushels Oct. 1, 1886	72,959,559
Total bushels Oct. 1, 1885	72,959,559

The Liverpool market is quoted with light demand. Winter wheat is quoted at 6s. 6d. to 6s. 8d.; spring at 6s. 7d. to 6s. 9d., and California No. 1 at 6s. 10d. to 6s. 11d. per cental.

## CORN AND OATS.

## CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 38,475 bu., against 40,501 bu. the previous week, and 5,918 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 19,050 bu., against 40,565 bu. the previous week, and 3,163 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The visible supply of corn in the country on Oct. 23 amounted to 13,435,561 bu., against 13,755,674 bu. the previous week, and 3,953,434 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 990,113 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 886,978 bu., against 488,179 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 4,397,574 bu., against 6,584,936 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 49,123 bu. against 33,496 bu. last week and 7,874 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The market rules very steady, but quiet, and while values are unchanged there are no signs of more activity. No. 2 is selling at 35 1/2c, No. 3 at 37 1/2c per bu. for spot. There is very little speculative dealing in this market. At Chicago the week was marked by rapid fluctuations in prices but within narrow limits, closing with values slightly higher than a week ago. No. 2 is quoted there at 35 1/2c to 35 3/4c, November delivery at 35 1/2c, December at 36c, and January at 37 1/2c. The export demand has been light for the past two months, and this, with the knowledge that stocks are ample and the new crop maturing rapidly, keeps the market quiet. The Liverpool market is quoted steady, with new mixed at 4s. 5d. per cental, November at 4s. 6d., and December at 4s. 3 1/2d.

## OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 23 was 3,588,899 bu., against 5,135,901 bu. the previous week, and 4,736,854 bu. Oct. 24, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 26,026 bu. against nothing the previous week, and for the last eight weeks 238,065 bu. against 2,637,894 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows an increase of 232,468 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 73,399 bu., against 58,960 bu. the previous week, and 46,872 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The receipts at this point for the week were 35,928 bu., against 51,731 bu. the previous week, and 30,643 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 16,883 bu., against 18,034 bu. the previous week, and 9,435 bu. for same week in 1885. Oats are quiet, steady and unchanged. There is a fair trade in this grain, but nothing doing in a speculative way. No. 3 white are quoted at 30 1/2c per bu. on track, and No. 3 mixed at 30 1/2c; light mixed nominal at 29 1/2c. The Chicago market is quiet but values are somewhat higher than a week ago. Quotations are 25 1/2c to 25 3/4c for No. 3 mixed spot, 25 1/2c for November delivery, 26 1/2c for December, and 26 3/4c for May. By sample, No. 3 white sold at 28 1/2c, No. 2 white at 28 1/2c to 29 1/2c, and 26 1/2c to 28 1/2c for No. 3 mixed free-on-board. There is very little speculative trading noted. The New York market is dull, with prices showing a slight decline from the highest points reached, but higher than a week ago, with No. 2 white quoted at 36 1/2c to 36 3/4c, No. 3 white at 35 1/2c to 35 3/4c, No. 3 mixed at 33 1/2c to 33 3/4c; ungraded mixed 32 1/2c to 33c, and ungraded white at 34 1/2c to 35c, closing firm.

## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

## BUTTER.

The butter market is a little better than a week ago, although prices do not appear to have advanced. But there is a stronger feeling in the trade, and stocks are held with more confidence when of good quality. The quotations are 16 1/2c to 17c for choice for factory dairy, with 18c sometimes obtained for something extra. Ordinary to good sells at 12 1/2c to 13c, a good deal of the receipts selling at the latter quotation. Good creamery is quiet but steady at 23 1/2c to 24c. The Chicago market, while higher, is not so active as was expected, the warm weather undoubtedly having a weakening tendency. Quotations there are 24 1/2c to 25c for fancy selections of creamery, 23 1/2c to 24c for choice, and good fresh lots of fair quality are quoted at 12 1/2c to 13c. Fancy lots of dairy are in request at 21 1/2c to 22c, and packing stock at 7 1/2c. The stocks held in this city are large, and are said to be accumulating. The New York market begins to show more steadiness in the upper grades, but as yet there is nothing else in the situation to encourage holders. Stocks are large, receipts continue ample for all requirements, and except for extra quality holders are inclined to allow concessions to effect sales. The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says: "Receivers of butter have found very little to comfort them during the week. The previous dull condition of trade continued on all outlets, and was intensified by stormy weather and a holiday, while all actual changes in value have been to a lower level. Home buyers generally appear to find no attraction toward supplies beyond occasional parcels wanted for special and immediate use, and none of the representative shippers were manifesting an inclination to afford much relief, while supplies in most cases made a gradual accumulation, and most receivers had rather more than they cared to handle. Of late, however, somewhat steadier developments have been shown on a few western creameries, a class of goods in very fair favor, and of which advances from the interior indicate the shipments are smaller. A

portion of the trade are also commencing to feel less apprehension regarding the sale of substitutes, and predict that after the first of the month butter will have a comparatively clear field, though applications for receipts already received indicate that retailers intend handling oleomargarine and butterine to some extent."

Quotations in New York market yesterday were as follows:

	Eastern Stock.
Creamery, pails, fancy	38 1/2
Creamery, tubs, fancy	38 1/2
Creamery, tubs, choice	38 1/2
Creamery, tubs, good	38 1/2
Creamery, tubs, fair	38 1/2
Creamery, ordinary	38 1/2
Creamery, June, fine	38 1/2
Creamery, June, good	38 1/2
State dairy half-fat, tubs, fancy	38 1/2
State dairy half-fat, tubs, choice	38 1/2
State dairy half-fat, tubs, fine	38 1/2
State dairy half-fat, tubs, good	38 1/2
State dairy half-fat, tubs, fair	38 1/2
State dairy half-fat, tubs, ordinary	38 1/2
State dairy, choice	38 1/2
State dairy, fine	38 1/2
State dairy, good	38 1/2
State dairy, fair	38 1/2
State dairy, ordinary	38 1/2

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending October 23 were 475,845 lbs., against 466,036 lbs. the previous week, and 633,846 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1885 were 657,642 lbs.

## CHEESE.

There is a stronger feeling in all the leading markets, owing to a sharp advance at Liverpool and the stronger tone in the country markets. Here there is no change to note in quotations, and they range as follows: Michigan full cream, 11 1/2c to 12c; New York full cream, 13 1/2c; Ohio makes, 10c to 11c. The Chicago market is firm, active and higher, with holders having the best of the situation. Quotations there are as follows: Cheddars, 11 1/2c to 12c; flats, 11 1/2c to 12c; Young Americas, 11 1/2c to 12c; choice skimmed, 6 1/2c to 7c. The Tribune of Saturday says of the market: "Cheese is firm and fairly active, orders coming in fast. Choice full-cream cheddars are scarce, and the make for the Greenleaf section for the balance of the season has already been bought up. Sales were reported for delivery at Omaha at 12 1/2c per lb. for cheddars and flats (two in a box) and 13 1/2c for Young Americas."

The New York market was dull during the early part of the week, but since Wednesday there has been a decided change in the situation, and values on choice goods advanced, while all grades became firmer. The N. Y. Bulletin says of the outlook: "Cheese has made a fractional gain in price, and, on the whole, developed a reasonably firm position, confirming the evidences of a good undertone, to which we called attention one week ago. There was a failure to break down the price in the country, but, on the contrary, the best goods improved a fraction, and this found immediate reflection here, receivers marking up limits on all perfect quality September stock, and standing by their position well, with both white and colored goods running pretty close together in valuation."

Advices from the western and central part of the States were firm, and the little northern counties indicated that Canada and Boston were making some pretty heavy dips in the supply of desirable white cheese, and also that local operators had been scooping up the best stock to hold. Taken altogether, without any special inclination to buoyancy, the general market has worked along in good form, and at the close the bearish view of the situation seems principally from those who commence to feel anxious about the chances for obtaining winter stocks."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows: State factory, fancy, Sept., colored... 11 1/2c; State factory, fancy, Sept., white... 11 1/2c; State factory, choice, Sept., colored... 10 1/2c; State factory, choice, Sept., white... 10 1/2c; State factory, good, Sept., colored... 10 1/2c; State factory, good, Sept., white... 10 1/2c; State factory, night skims, common... 9 1/2c; State factory, night skims, selections... 9 1/2c; State dairy, fine, fair to good... 9 1/2c; Ohio flats, fine... 11 1/2c; Pennsylvania... 11 1/2c.

## WOOL.

The eastern markets are quiet and unchanged, with the aggregate of sales about the same as for the corresponding week in 1885. The only weakening influence perceptible is the frequent and many times unreasonable strikes precipitated by mill employees, which prevent manufacturers from pushing business or laying in stocks of wool. These strikes have been frequent in all lines of manufacturing since February last, and have caused terrible losses to both employer and employee. These troubles once arranged upon an equitable basis, business would soon be booming in all departments of trade, to the great advantage of the industrial classes of the entire country. At Boston the past week the sales aggregated 1,656,800 lbs. of domestic and 638,000 lbs. of foreign, as compared with 2,658,700 lbs. of domestic and 512,000 lbs. of foreign the previous week, and 2,751,676 lbs. of domestic and 340,000 lbs. of foreign for the same week last year. Prices in that market range about the same as a week ago. Ohio XX ranges from 36c upwards, and XX and above at 38c; Michigan X is quoted at 33c, and Michigan No. 1 at 37 1/2c; Michigan delaine is firm at 35 1/2c to 36c, and unwashed Michigan at 23c to 24c per lb. Australian wools to the amount of 550,000 lbs. sold the past week at 35c to 41c. The stocks of Australian are very light, and holders are very firm. At New York we note sales of XX Ohio at 38c, delaine Ohio at 39c, X Ohio at 35c, fine unwashed at 25 1/2c to 26c, and blood combing at 41c, X blood combing at 39 1/2c, and fine spring Texas at 28 1/2c. As to the future of the wool market the U. S. Economist says: "Our markets are from henceforth practically barred of foreign wool until domestic makes a round advance from five to ten cents a pound. Thus, choice Fort Philip is

worth in London 18 1/2 pence and above. Here it is not worth, duty paid, over 37c to 39c at present. Hence there is ten to twelve cents a pound against it. The duty is not a small one. In other words, as we have said many times, the American market of to-day is no higher than the English market, taking all duty out of consideration; yet, foreign manufacturers can ship goods here, and do ship them each week. What is the reason? Is it the American manufacturer trying to make a fortune in a year, or is the foreigner losing one? We doubt it, as he need not buy wool at an advance of 50 to 60 per cent in London which he has to do to compete with the American, who kicks at an advance of fifteen to twenty per cent. Let us await the result. No foreign clothing or combing can or will come here! None has come for a long time. Our own clip is short—very largely. Now await the events. We are now sure of an appreciation of domestic wool, which will not be, if large quantities of foreign wool were either here or coming here. Holders of domestic may now rest in peace without fear of foreign wool competing. Until an advance has come of 40 to 50c for Ohio XX and XXX delaine, orders for Australian will be sought for in vain."

Of the Philadelphia market the Record of October 29th says: "The market this week has been very quiet. The dullness is due largely to the labor troubles and threatened lockout of the Knights of Labor from textile mills, which create a feeling of uncertainty among manufacturers and induce cautious buying. A lull in demand is, however, a usual feature of the market at this time of year. It occurred last year about the same time, and several weeks of comparative dullness succeeded the active business of the previous four months. There is complaint in many quarters of the unsatisfactory condition of the drygoods trade, but it is not substantiated by any evidence of accumulating stocks in the hands of agents. The labor issue is the more important drawback to business at the moment, and the developments of the coming week are anxiously awaited, as they will unquestionably have an important effect on the immediate future of the demand for raw material."

"The sluggish demand and the uncertainty of the labor situation have combined to check the improving tendency of prices. The market is less buoyant, but it is not weak. Dealers who have been firm believers in higher prices, and who have been holding stocks 2 to 3c above the prices thus far generally paid, are now apparently disposed to sell at market rates, but they are not willing to make further concessions. Manufacturers are using the local troubles and the strikes at Cohoes and Amsterdam, in New York State, as barter arguments to weaken the confidence of holders, but with little effect. To force business concessions would have to be made, but nobody seems disposed to move supplies of wool. The general sentiment of the trade is that wool is safe property, 'lockout or no lockout,' and while it is admitted that the advancing tendency has been checked, holders express confidence in the belief that it has been only temporarily restrained."

Advices from abroad are all of a strong character, except those received from Australia, where there are some signs of weakness. Mail advices from Buenos Ayres report a serious falling off in the clip. One of the papers there says: "We cannot but expect a considerable falling off in the clip and as wool constitutes the chief industry of the country, we regret that the government shows no disposition to relax the export duties, which drain the last farthing from many a poor sheep farmer."

Consul Baker, at Buenos Ayres, in a report he makes to the State Department, estimates the deficit in the approaching wool clip of the Argentine Republic at upwards of 75,000 bales, or about 45,000,000 pounds, in consequence not only of disease among the sheep, but also of damage by flood and frosts.

## MISREADING ARGUMENTS.

The article in another column headed "Farmer Taxation" was evidently prepared with the idea of prejudicing the tariff question rather than helping to a fair understanding of its merits. The question, when discussed by farmers themselves, should be approached with the object in view of settling conclusively which would prove the most beneficial to farmers as a class, as well as to the country at large. The list of articles scheduled in the extract sent us by Mr. Boley is very misleading. Take the first item, "Animals, 20 per cent." Does Mr. Boley, or any other farmer, import butchers' animals? We rather think most farmers raise animals to sell, and that therefore the 20 per cent. duty inures to their profit. But if Mr. Boley wishes to import any animal to improve the breeding of his stock, whether horses, cattle, sheep, swine, or fowls, there is not a cent of duty upon it. Therefore, we say the list is misleading when published as it is in this instance. To give the proper idea of the existing tariff on animals it should read something like this:

## Live Stock.—For breeding purposes... duty free.

Not otherwise specified, 30 per cent.

Another point we wish to say something about is the duty on wools or wooleens. There is a duty on wools as follows:

Clothing and combing, under 30c	10c
Over 30c	12c
Carpet, over 50c	50c
Under 50c	30c

Upon wooleens there is a duty which offsets the above. Now Mr. Boley undoubtedly has a flock of sheep, as we know he is a progressive farmer. Let us give him an idea. When he sells his wool, which he will do at a higher price because of these duties, let him retain enough to supply his own family, take it to one of the woolen mills in the State and have it manufactured into goods. He will have a better article for less money than he can buy at the stores, and not pay one cent of duty upon it either. As to the duty upon nails and cottons, the tariff has so cheapened them that they are now largely exported, and the duties are therefore nominal. The same is the case with boots and shoes. The whole list could be gone over in the same way, and the errors pointed out, but we think the above sufficient to show the unfairness of the list.

Mr. H. L. STEWART, of Tecumseh, Lenawee Co., last week sent us a sample bunch of his Prairieville celer. It was one of the finest samples we ever tested, and the blanching was perfect to the very tips. The stalks were so clear that they were nearly transparent, tender and succulent. It would worry a Kalamazoo grower to see such a sample grown outside of that section. Mr. Stewart's farm is said to be three and a half miles from Tecumseh, and we think it must be on the rich alluvial soil which lies along the River Raisin, a location which a celery grower would naturally select as especially adapted to his business. Mr. Stewart's system of blanching, whatever it is, is certainly a most successful one.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

The C. L. S. C. is generally called, and never before in Michigan has there been so much enthusiasm over it, nor so many local circles organized as this fall. Nearly fifty circles, with quite 1,000 members, have been added to the organization this year in Michigan alone, and now but few towns are without one. Detroit has 15 or more, and Grand Rapids, Flint, Jackson, Kalamazoo and several more places have each from two to four or five circles. The C. L. S. C. is a reading organization with a select four years' course to be done at home in prescribed books and serial articles from the Chautauqua. It requires about 40 to 60 minutes a day to do the reading, and the members meet every two weeks for reviewing and to have a delightful evening with music, readings, literary work and a social hour. At the close of the year there is a written examination, and the course terminates with a diploma and graduation honors at either Bay View or Chautauqua Assembly. The purpose of the C. L. S. C. is to give liberal education in history, science, general literature, etc. It is for all classes and ages, and equally interesting and valuable to the college graduate or one who never entered a college. It is the most popular, and by far the best organization of the kind ever devised. It promotes a desire for the best reading, makes college terms out of spare moments, educates and furnishes the choicest social life. The thousands of people who have pursued it pronounce it invaluable, and we sincerely hope all the young people and all reading people will in every town, city, church and neighborhood combine and form a circle. In large places they are often organized in individual churches; in small places one circle embracing all is practicable. While it is non-sectarian and without a spark of sectarianism, it is of a decidedly Christian character. We can conceive of nothing more pleasant and useful for the long winter evenings before us than the C. L. S. C. Mr. John M. Hall, of Flint, is superintendent of the Michigan department, and will gladly furnish to any one who writes him full information about the Circle and how to organize one.

## A Mean Swindle.

Mrs. Sarah Clutz, of Ogden, was in the city last week seeking counsel upon the matter of defending herself in a suit brought to recover on a \$300 Bohemian note which she was induced to sign. A man who will do so detestably mean a trick as to swindle a woman in a Bohemian note deal is unfit to live among decent people, and we hope the lady will be able to so clearly show the relation of the present holder of the note and his knowledge of the barefaced fraud that he will be compelled to pay the costs of the entire proceeding. We have no kind of sympathy with a man who is "nigger" enough to hand out a note for Bohemian notes, but when men in their insufferable meanness impose upon a woman unused to any kind of business, and purposely swindle her and try to get from her the little property she possesses, it is time to call a halt if not a halter. Such men are entitled to no sympathy, and ought to be denounced by everybody. It is well enough perhaps for men to play sharp with each other, but when they have to prey on innocent women and children it is time to protest.—Adrian Press.

The Press is entirely right. It is a shame and a disgrace to some of the farmers of this State that they allowed themselves to be made tools of by these unscrupulous scamps, and aided them in deceiving their friends and neighbors. We hope if one of Mrs. Clutz's neighbors aided the parties who sold those notes to her, he will be man enough to take up that note. The farmers should tar and feather one or two of those Bohemian note men, as every citizen who seems proof against anything else.

## The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express of yesterday, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says: "The deliveries of native wheat have been small at 6d. to 6 1/2c above the previous week. The sales of English wheat were 49,910 qrs at 30s 3d, against 56,900 qrs at 31s 3d during the corresponding period of last year. Country flour is firm and 6d. dearer. A fair trade is doing in barley at an advance for the finest of 2s and for seconds of 1s. Foreign wheats are firmly held; values are unchanged. Corn has risen 3d to 6d. Linseed has gained 1s. Three cargoes of wheat arrived; one cargo was withdrawn and two reloaded. At to-day's market wheat was firm, though there was less demand. There was a short supply of corn and sales were freely made at 6d. advance. Barley was steady. Oats, beans and peas were unchanged."

## The Visible Supply.

A dispatch from Chicago yesterday says that the number of bushels of grain in store in the United States and Canada Oct. 30, and the increase and decrease compared with the previous week, is as follows: Wheat, 56,053,000 bu.; increase, 778,551 bu. Corn, 13,091,041 bu.; decrease, 337,580 bu. Oats, 5,468,000 bu.; increase, 50,733 bu. Rye, 466,000 bu.; increase, 30,717 bu. Barley, 2,335,071 bu.; decrease, 70,187 bu.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.—The next California Excursion of the season will leave Detroit November 8th and 9th, via the Michigan Central route to Chicago, from there either via St. Louis and Kansas City, and the Missouri and Southern Pacific Rds. Fare for the round trip \$93 45. Tickets are good for six months, and can be used to return via any other route to the above points, or via Portland and the Northern

lines. The net profit of the money order system for the fiscal year ending June 30, was \$9,164, which "Uncle Sam" puts into his pocket.

According to a Minnesota paper the dairy co-operators of that State are exhibiting a strong argument against butter. It is a curious thing to see for some time to but but the net profit of the money order system for the fiscal year ending June 30, was \$9,164, which "Uncle Sam" puts into his pocket.

There is talk at El Paso that A. K. Cutting, whose recent trouble with the Mexican authorities is fresh in mind, is trying to organize a filibustering expedition to invade and conquer the States of Chihuahua, Sonora and Durango, and then form them into a "Socialist republic." "Yagu" Indians, discontented Mexicans, and Mormons are expected to join in.

A family of eight persons, consisting of Mrs. Wm. Pope and five children, and two girls named Adams, 12 and 16 years old, were burned to death by the destruction of their residence near Flat Rock, Knox County, Ky. The house consisted of two rooms, with but one outside door, the latter being in the room where the fire evidently originated, cutting off all hope of escape. The father, who was James M. Hampton, of Craig, Nebraska, had been running a "temperance billiard hall," but the prohibitionists discovered he was selling liquor as a "bitter." They secured a warrant and accompanied the sheriff to arrest the culprit, making threats of burning the building. Hampton was within, a pistol shot was heard, and when the mob burst the door open he was found dead, with a bullet through his heart. He had apparently committed suicide through fear.

The greatest express robbery committed for a long time occurred last week, when Messenger Fotheringham was robbed of \$50,000 which he had in charge, by a man who presented letters signed by the proper officials authorizing Fotheringham to allow him in the car. The robber knocked the messenger senseless, bound and gagged him, in which condition he was found on arrival at St. Louis. The thief told the agent he was Jim Cummings, last of the Jesse James gang.

A passenger train on the Milwaukee & St. Paul road was wrecked near Ripon, Wis., on Sunday morning. The train was composed of a passenger car, a freight car, and a locomotive. The cars were thrown into a stone quarry. Thirteen lives were lost, the unfortunate victims being unable to extricate themselves from the wreck, which was soon on fire from the overturned stoves. The conductor of the freight train who is responsible for the accident, and the driver of the locomotive, are under arrest and are being held for trial.

Later accounts from the accident on the St. Paul railroad at Ripon place the loss of life at five. The passengers in the day coach were literally roasted to death before the eyes of their fellow-passengers, who were powerless to aid them. The loss of life would have been even more terrible but for the heroism of the engineer, who in the face of death reversed the engine and set the air brakes. Three French Canadian men were killed, and a traveling man from Chicago named Dibble.

A six-story building on East Madison St., Chicago, burned early Sunday morning. During the fire six men were engaged in protecting the stock of the Goodyear rubber company, when they were buried in the ruins by the falling of the roof and floor to the basement. A rescue party was quickly organized and four of the men were rescued, one of them after three-quarters of an hour's imprisonment in the flames, only kept from him by the floods of water thrown on the fire, which at one time threatened to drown him. C. Papineau, the sixth man, was taken out dead. A fireman was fatally injured in the attempt to recover the body, and three others received serious injuries during the progress of the fire.

Foreign.

It is prophesied that the coming winter will be the worst season of agricultural depression England has ever seen.

The commander of the garrison at Lompasa is under arrest for having planned the seizure of the Bulgarian minister on their way to Timova, with the intention of sending them to Russia as prisoners.

A large number of native Christians of Africa, have been put to death by the order of King Mwangi. The great horror, said to be the worst of the kind, began in June and are said to be directly due to the refusal of a young Christian who was a page to the king to marry his daughter. The king, who is a native of the same race, is said to be a very cruel and tyrannical ruler. Many people were tortured and 32 burned to death at one time.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### CLOSING OUT SALE

### HEREFORDS!

### FARM FOR SALE.

### Richmond Champion Fence Machine

### Pure Bronze Turkeys.

### BLATCHFORD'S

### Royal Stock Food!

### or Extra Oat Meal

### CALF-REARING MEAL

### DOOR PRAIRIE LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION

### 100 CLEVELAND BAYS. 100

### 150 ENGLISH SHIRES. 150

### 300 HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS. 300

### THE OLDEST! THE LARGEST! THE BEST!

### 32 PREMIUMS AWARDED AT THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, including

### Superior class breeding stock, either imported or home bred, can be suited at our place

### for sale at reasonable prices. Address: GEO. E. BROWN & CO., Aurora, Kane Co., Ills.

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### OAKLAWN

### PERCHERON HORSES.

### 200 Imported Brood Mares

### of Choice Families.

### LARGE NUMBERS.

### All Ages, All Breeds, IN STOCK.

### 300 to 400 Imported Annually

### from France, all recorded with pedigree in the

### Percheron stud books. The Percheron is the only

### breed of France possessing a stud book that has the

### same name as the breed. French Government

### Send for 120-page Catalogue, Illustrations by Rosa

### Benham.

### Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

### SPECIAL!

### We Have 4,000 Gallons of LINSEED OIL

### SETTLINGS,

### the best possible covering for Shingle, Tin &

### IRON ROOFS!

### at forty cents per gallon, in five and ten gallon

### cans. Shipped to any part of the country. Apply

### early. Send post-office order or postal note with

### order. LINDSEY & CO.,

### Fort Wayne, Indiana.

### Stock Farm For Sale.

### Woodlawn Stock Farm, situated six and one-half

### miles north of St. Louis, Gratiot County, Michigan, will be sold at a very reasonable

### price. The farm consists of 280 acres, 140

### of which are well cleared, balance timber affording

### good pasture. The farm is the north half

### of section 34 in the township of Cof. Isabella

### County, one of the best agricultural townships in

### the State, and in the midst of an old, well

### settled district, and near two railroads, a large

### brick house, barn 36x48, granary 26x36, and over

### three hundred and twenty feet of good substantial

### stock sheds, buildings over 10,000 feet of

### artesian flowing wells furnishing abundance of

### water. No waste land; soil dark clay loam.

### Good for grain, corn, oats, barley, etc. Particulars

### address MICHIGAN FARMER,

### St. Louis, Mo.

### STOCK FARMS

### FOR SALE OR RENT.

### On long term, 400 acres, dwelling, large barns

### and stables; easy terms. One of 340 acres of

### land, with a large house, 100 acres of timber, 100

### acres of pasture, balance timber, five miles from

### St. Louis and seven from City, 3/4 of a mile

### from plank road, two miles from R. R. station.

### Address No. 4 Bull Block, Detroit.

### FARM FOR SALE,

### Or Exchange.

### A farm of 200 acres in Arona Township, Kan-

### kankakee County, Illinois; 60 miles south of Chicago;

### all under a high state of cultivation; 100 acres

### in fall grain, looks finely. A large two-story

### house; outbuildings fair; plenty of pure water

### at house and barn; fruits of nearly all kinds.

### Healthy, rich farming country. Price \$50 per

### acre; one-half may remain on place from three

### to five years at six per cent. interest. If sold

### balance cash or part cash and part western wild

### land or live stock. Correspondence solicited. Address

### F. L. MERRICK, Kankakee, Illinois.

### A Good Stock and Grain Farm For Sale

### Contains about one hundred and eighty acres,

### one hundred and forty of which are improved,

### and the balance is in fall grain. A good two-story

### house; outbuildings fair; plenty of pure water

### at house and barn; fruits of nearly all kinds.

### Healthy, rich farming country. Price \$50 per

### acre; one-half may remain on place from three

### to five years at six per cent. interest. If sold

### balance cash or part cash and part western wild

### land or live stock. Correspondence solicited. Address

### F. L. MERRICK, Kankakee, Illinois.

### Wanted

### 200 young men and ladies to enter the Detroit

### business university during the month of September

### for profitable employment and a successful

### business career by pursuing the business course or

### learning shorthand. Thousands of Detroit and

### successful business men got their start at this

### college. Counting-room book, penmanship, and

### board of Trade. Night-School opens Sept. 27. DAY SCHOOL

### opens Sept. 27. Circulars free. 97-131

### FARM FOR SALE.

### A fine farm of 245 acres located one and one-half

### miles from the growing manufacturing city of

### Owosso one of the best markets for farm pro-

### ducts in Central Michigan. This farm has good

### buildings, a fine orchard, and is in a first class

### state of cultivation. Forty acres of growing

### land. Will divide into 160 and 80 acre farms. If

### desired, for price and terms address

### NO. 1 MOFFAT BUILDING, Detroit, Michigan.

### Richmond Champion Fence Machine

### Pure Bronze Turkeys.

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### or Extra Oat Meal

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## Poetry.

## THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded halls of men;  
Heart weary of building and spilling,  
And spending and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a dreamer dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,  
Of a life that is half a lie;  
Of the face lined with scheming  
In the throng that hurries by,  
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And the teller dies in a day.

I feel my pride, but pity  
For the burdens the rich endure.  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
Oh, the little hands too skillful,  
And the child mind choked with weeds!  
The daughter's heart grown willful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, not from the streets' rude bustle,  
From supplies of mud and stage,  
I would fly to the woods' low rustle,  
And the meadow's kindly page,  
Let me dream as of old by the river,  
And be loved for the dreamer's sake;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a teller dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## THE PRICE.

You are womanly fair and sweet, my love,  
Your head is lovely sweet—  
From the clustering curls of your golden hair  
To your tiny, dainty feet.  
You revel in music, mirth, and song,  
The fresh in life's sparkling wave;  
You walk through life a regal queen,  
With me for your loyal slave.

The cup I held to your curving lips  
Brimed high with life's rich wine;  
Do you ever think as you sip its sweet  
What is mixed with the dregs of mine?

Of the vigorous dreams of youth that died  
To meet your strong demand?  
Of the noble aims, the godlike hopes  
I have crushed with a cruel hand?

That the purest and best of life has died  
Beneath your soft control?  
And that all this glory, and pomp and pride,  
May have cost a man his soul?

—St. Louis Pioneer-Press.

## Miscellaneous.

## TWO SCARS.

Have another shy, sir? Three shies a penny!  
Won't have any more shies, sir, becoss  
cokernuts disagree with yer? Werry good.  
'Arry, the gent won't have no more shies,  
so count the sticks:

He's a rum chap, sir, my mate 'Arry is.  
See how stiff he 'olds 'isself, like a cokernut  
stick with the noorality in its neck. He's  
a old soldier, 'Arry is, and he always 'olds  
'isself like that, and he never says a word  
unless he's spoken to first, and then he  
answers yer wery short, as though 'is tongue  
charged 'im three words a penny. But I  
ain't that sort myself, as am rather low  
questioned, and I could tell yer a tale about  
'Arry as would surprise yer.

Sit on the grass and have a pipe with yer  
while I tells yer about it? Cert'nly I will.  
Thankes, sir.

It all come about along o' this pitch.  
Now, may be yer don't know that in the  
three-shies-a-penny-now-a-yeer-chance-  
knock-em-off perlection a great deal de-  
pends on the pitch, which is the ground  
where yer puts up the cokernuts. Aunt  
Sally and three-shies-a-penny is a 'ighly di-  
wurtin', innocent, and 'ealthy recreation,  
but it ain't no manner o' use for to deny  
that it ain't often—at least, as a regular  
thing—as we gets patternized by such tip-  
top swells as yerself, sir, a-beggin yer  
pardon for sayin' so, and opin' no offense,  
which the same were not my intension.

Consequently, we 'as to pick our ground  
according. Now, this 'ere is a model pitch.  
It's a good level bit of grass as looks easy  
shying, and a nice, lumpy, awk'ard bit  
of ground for the gent to stand on when they  
shy. I'm a lettin' yer into some of the per-  
fessional secrets, becoss I know yer won't go  
back on a teller.

It looks nice and private, this 'ere model  
pitch does, the 'igh pallis' there shuttin' off  
the grounds of the Colonel's manning; and  
there's the 'igh road where all the wans  
runs to Hepping Forest.

It's about five years ago now that me and  
'Arry first went into partnership together.  
We was a-doin' the Punch-and-Judy lay,  
and me and 'im and the dawg was passing  
along 'ere one day. 'Arry says, "all" he  
says, werry short.

"What's up?" I asks.  
"See that pitch?" 'Arry says pointing  
along 'ere.  
"Yes," I answers; "what's yer lay?"  
"Cokernuts," he says.  
"Good," I says; "but we ain't got no  
sticks, and no nuts, and no bags, and no  
nothing."

He jerks 'is thumb towards the Punch-  
and-Judy box, and the dawg, and he says:  
"Is this 'ere a-payin' us?"  
"No," says I, mournful; "Hingerlish  
people 'as forgot the legit' met' drammy.  
Punch-and-Judy ain't a-doin' us no good,"  
I says; "but is rather a-lowerin' of our rep-  
tation. But we've got 'em," I says, "and  
I gness we'll have to keep 'em, as the man  
said when 'is wife had three at a birth."

'Arry stops short again, and snaps out:  
"What would the man 'as done with them  
kids if he could?"

"Well, mate," I says, "I suppose he'd  
'as liked to have drowned 'em, as is  
only natural; but we can't drown the Punch-  
and-Judy, and what else can we do with  
'em?" I says.

"Sell 'em," says 'Arry.  
Sure enough, soon after that we got a  
chance of disposing of the legit' met' drammy  
in the shape of Punch, Judy, and the  
dawg, and then we started in the cokernut  
game. Our first pitch was werry spot,  
and we done a good trade. Customers was  
plentiful and bad shots.

The manning belonged then to an old  
lady as was werry kind to us. She never in-  
terfered with us, but let us make this pitch  
a reg'lar pitch at 'oliday times, and she  
Mrs. Many a mornin' she come out and

give me and 'Arry a nice little bundle of  
pipe-lights—tracks, yer know, sir—and she  
were always pleasant and sociable like. One  
mornin' she come out to us with the tracks  
and as I was a-bowin' to 'er werry polite,  
and 'Arry drawin' 'isself up like a brick  
wall, a-salutin' of the lady, the old girl says:  
"I believe," she says, "I have some sort of  
right over this plot of ground as the owner  
of the manning and the park; but so long  
as you behave yourselves and reads the tracks  
I shall never disturb you," she says.

"Thank yer, yer ladyship," I replies.  
"Three shies a penny, marm," I says, "is  
our reg'lar price, which 'Arry will tell you  
the same; but any time, marm, as your lady-  
ship would like a nut, come and have a shy  
for nothink, marm!"

But the next time we come round after  
that bad noose was told us. The old lady  
'ad gone where they don't never want no  
tracks. She was dead, sir, and the man-  
ning and park 'ad been took by a peppery,  
yellow-faced, fiery-tempered hold Hangerlow  
Hinjin Colonel, as was frightening every-  
body about the place. He'd frightened the  
person till he could scarcely preach and 'ad  
almost forgot one day to make a collection;  
the tradespeople trembled as they see 'is  
yellow face a'colorin' the shop-winders, and  
the servants in the manning 'ad quite give  
up the ridiculous idea of calling their lives  
their own.

"The place ain't the same," says the  
chap as was telling us, "since he came into  
it. Cayenne pepper is mild alongside of  
the Colonel, and ginger ain't in it with 'im.  
As sure as yer're alive," he says, "he'll  
march you to off this pitch in years before  
no time. He's death, he says 'isself, on all  
wagabonds, tramps and wermans."

"What's 'is name?" I says.  
"Colonel Rufus Pepperton."  
I see a rum look come in 'Arry's face,  
and I says, "Do yer know 'im, 'Arry?"  
"Yes," he answered, and I knowed it  
was no use askin' 'im any more just then,  
becoss 'Arry werry seldom says more than  
one word a hour at the outside.

The next mornin' was Saturday, and me  
and 'Arry got the cokernuts up in good  
time. We 'ad several young gent a-throw-  
in' werry early that mornin', and after they  
had gone away 'Arry run up to the cokernut  
end of the pitch for to throw me the cap  
so as to be all ready and 'andy for the next  
customer, when he sees for the first time the  
Hangerlow Hinjin. He comes rushing out  
of the park gates like a wild bull, shakin'  
'is fist, and 'is eyes flashin' in 'is yellow old  
face.

Soon as ever he come on the ground I see  
'Arry draw 'isself up and begin salutin';  
but the Colonel didn't see 'im, for he was  
coming straight on towards me at the other  
end. Soon he reached me, and then he made  
a few remarks. "You thieves, scamps,  
wagabonds, tramps, rascals, knaves,"

"I beg yer pardon, sir," I says, "but  
ere yer alludin' to me or to 'Arry?" I says.  
"To both of you," he hollers, quite loud.  
"Clear out of it!" he says. "Clear out  
sharp, or I'll shoot the two of you like dogs.  
This is my ground and off you go!"

I told 'im all about the old lady what was  
there afore 'im, and how she never inter-  
fered with us, and give us tracks; but I'd  
better have 'eld my tongue.

"Tracks!" he shouts, "you won't get any  
tracks from me. What you'll have to do  
now I've come here is to make tracks! Be  
off, you lazy thieves!"

'Arry 'ad 'ad 'eard all he said, and I see  
'is face gettin' blacker and blacker. Just as  
the Colonel passed, 'Arry stood straight up  
with a nice knobby stick in 'is hand, and a  
look in 'is face I'd never see'd there afore,  
all the time I'd knowed 'im.

"Colonel," he shouts out in a clear, loud,  
ringin' sort of voice, "Colonel, I'm going to  
throw these sticks up to my mate. Please  
march out of the line of fire. Once!"

"How dare you," began the Colonel, not  
stirrin'.

"Twice," sings 'Arry.  
"You audacious villain!"  
"Three times!" and swift and straight  
come the nice knobby stick.

'Arry 'ad said that, the Colonel was in the  
line of fire, and the nice knobby stick 'it  
'im on the cokernut. Off rolled 'is 'at and  
down fell Col. Rufus Pepperton.

"Carry off the wounded," called 'Arry,  
preparin' to throw up the other sticks; but  
the next moment the Colonel was on 'is legs  
and makin' straight for 'Arry. The gar-  
diner and two or three other men come  
rushing out of the park at the same time,  
and 'eld the Colonel back, while one of 'em  
went and fetched the perleece.

That evenin' me and 'Arry was in jail,  
and the last words of the perleece man, as he  
locked the doors, was those, with a pleas'n  
smile:

"This is six months' ard; that's what it  
is!"

'Ere's a barlow for yer, sir. Me and 'Arry  
afore the bars. Three Justices on the bench.  
Perleece man in blue. Court covered.  
Old Col. Pepperton, lookin' savorier  
and more yellow than ever, with a nasty  
bit of a scar where the nice knobby stick 'it  
'is cokernut. Me and my mate in the dock.

The evidence was all give, and I was dis-  
charged with a warnin' never to be guilty  
no more. I didn't leave the court, but stood  
as close as I could to the dock, where my  
poor old mate was standin'.

Things looked werry black for 'im.  
"It's twelve months' ard," whispers the  
perleece man to me; "that's what it is. Yer  
see," he says, "ow bloo the Chairman's  
nose is. He always goes in for twelve  
months' ard when 'is nose is that color. It  
ain't drunk, it's undigestion. It's a beauti-  
ful bloo, and with the two red noses along-  
side of 'im, as is sittin' there, it makes a  
werry pretty picture."

The three Judges put their 'eads together,  
and the old gent as carried the bloo nose  
about says to 'Arry werry solemn:

"Have you got anything to say for your-  
self?"

"He's never a-goin' to 'ang 'im?" I says  
to the perleece man; and then I ups and says  
to the Judge: "Please yer honor's worship,  
my lord," I says, "the regular charge is  
only three shies a penny." I says, "as no  
doubt your majesty have often 'ad a go at  
the nuts yourself at that price, as is not ex-  
travagant. Three shies a penny is the reg-  
ular price, my lord, and 'Arry only 'ad one  
shy. Let 'im off, easy, my lord!" I says,  
winkin' werry respectful.

They turned me out of the court neck and  
crop, but I got in afore the row was over,  
and I 'ears the Judge say again:

"Prisoner, have you anything to say for  
yourself?"

'Arry pulls 'isself straight up, and says 'is  
'at and 'is 'ead, salutin', and puts werry  
short:

"Yes!"  
"What, pray?" says the proprietor of the  
bloo bench.

"This," says 'Arry, and I couldn't have  
believed as ten million 'orres could 'ave  
drawed such a speech from 'im: "There  
stands the Colonel," 'Arry says, "and 'ere  
I stand. The Colonel is 'ere to send me to  
jail, and I am 'ere to go to jail. You sit  
there to sentence me to jail, and all the  
crowd of people 'ere are waiting to hear me  
sentenced. There is the Colonel, and 'ere  
am I, face to face. Face to face, close for  
the second time in our lives. Now, I'm just  
going to talk about the first time, and then  
let the Colonel send me to quod."

"Prisoner," says the bloo nose as was un-  
disgation, "this is all beside the point."

"Sir Frederick," says the Colonel, "let  
the man go on, I beg of you," and 'Arry  
went to scene the first, just like a theaytre.

"The place is a burnin' plain in India,  
and the time is the Mutiny. An officer has  
fainted, and lies white and 'elless on the  
earth, with the colors of the regiment clutched  
close and tight in both hands. He lies  
apart from the torn and battered ranks he's  
been tryin' to hold together. A few rebels  
make a wild rush at the flag. The flag—the  
flag—is wrenched from the fingers, and they  
ride away. Then the officer comes to, and  
he groans, 'The colors! The colors! For  
mercy's sake, bring me back the colors!'"

"He tries to stagger on foot, but falls  
back again, too sorely wounded to rise; and  
again he sobs out: 'For mercy's sake bring  
me back the colors!'"

"A stragglin' soldier of another British  
regiment, cut off from the rest, hurries by.  
Look! he hears the cry, gives one look at the  
officer and one at the flying rebels who carry  
the captured flag. He springs on a riderless  
charger, gives rein, and goes for death or  
the flag!"

"The minutes pass on, and at last the  
soldier rides back with the colors wrapped  
round 'is 'eat, and as he puts them once  
more into the officer's white fingers, they are  
dyed a deeper red by the blood which is  
flowing from a wound in the soldier's breast."

"Colonel, where is the scar I gave you be-  
cause you treated me and my mate like  
thieves, and refused a fair warning?"

Likes a man in a dream the Colonel 'eld 'is  
finger to the scar on 'is forehead. Off 'Arry  
flings 'is coat, tears open 'is shirt, and 'olds  
'is finger to a big, jagged scar near 'is noble  
'eat.

"And 'ere," he says, "is the scar of the  
wound which that common soldier bore for  
you!"

I never knowed properly what 'appened  
after that. But I remember gettin' on a  
form and yellin' "Ooray!" till I were again  
clucked out. I remember the Colonel spring-  
in' into the dock, shakin' 'Arry's 'and, and  
callin' 'im "Comrade." Then I remember  
'im turnin' to the three noses on the bench  
and sayin':

"This gallant fellow's story is true. I  
tried in vain to find 'im after the day he  
was tellin' of, but the fortune of war part-  
ed us."

Then the Hangerlow Hinjin turned and  
took 'Arry's 'and again, and says:

"Comrade, I am ashamed of myself. But  
I ain't 'cause of a bad 'eart that I am the  
crusty, ferocious fire-eater you have seen me,  
but because I have no liver!"

I don't know 'ow they squared it, but I  
know 'Arry was discharged in triumph, and  
ever since then I've kept the nice knobby  
stick that 'it Col. Rufus Pepperton on the  
cokernut.

He wanted to pension us both off, and do  
all sorts of things for us; but 'Arry wouldn't  
take nothin' except the free grant of this  
'ere pitch whenever we want it. But I be-  
lieve the Colonel is a-doin' somethink with  
the Government for 'Arry and me, too, un-  
beknown to 'Arry; and the roarin' trade we  
do, sir, whenever we wishts this 'ere pitch,  
makes me believe as the Colonel bribes  
everybody about the place for to come and  
throw.

'Ow much to pay, sir? I ain't reckoned  
'ow many shies you went in for, but I'll  
soon let yer know, sir. 'Arry, count the  
sticks!—From "The Lamp."

MY FRIEND THE BURGLAR.

When I was a young man just starting in  
practice in the town of Dixon I was ap-  
pointed counsel by the court for a notorious  
burglar, who, after having long been a ter-  
ror to our county had at last been captured  
and was now awaiting his trial.

He was supposed to be one of the hard  
gang, and as I entered the room where he  
was confined I expected to see an aban-  
doned-looking ruffian of middle-age. Judge of  
my surprise, then, to find myself in the  
presence of a mild-looking, blue-eyed, fax-  
en-haired youth of apparently not more than  
two-and-twenty years, though I afterwards  
learned that at least a decade must be added  
to that.

My much-studied repose of manner was  
rather shaken for a moment, but he at once  
came forward, offered me a chair, introduced  
himself as Mr. Brown, and asked for my  
name. I had previously known him as  
"Black Jack," a sarcastic appellation, I  
suppose, on account of his extreme fairness.

On being told that I was the attorney ap-  
pointed for his defense his whole manner  
changed. A look of crafty cunning crept  
into his face, the cloak of good manners  
dropped from his shoulders, and I saw be-  
fore me the unmistakable desperado whose  
apprehension had delighted so many hearts.

After a quarter of an hour of confidential  
talk I plainly saw that the State would win  
its case against this man. My client and I  
were beaten before we began. He was very  
guarded in all his admissions, even under  
the sacred seal of legal confidence, and so I  
was surprised to hear him say, as I was  
leaving him that day:

"Well, Mr. Clarkson, of course I prefer  
to be cleared, and I shall try my chances on  
that; but it really matters little in the end.  
If the court convicts me I shall not be caged  
very long."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed I,  
startled.

"Only that I never have been long behind  
the bars, and I never mean to be. I have  
good friends outside who will look after me."

I smiled incredulously. "You have never

been in Blacktown State Prison, sir, or per-  
haps your assurance would be less. Once  
there, you are safe to stay, I can assure  
you."

He laughed lightly and said good-night,  
thanking me for my kindness in accepting  
his defense.

In our subsequent meetings I took pains  
to tell him that I believed in his guilt and  
that the utmost I would undertake would be  
a mitigation of his sentence. But he always  
accepted my assertions with an airy pleas-  
antry, and seemed determined to be friend-  
ly in spite of me.

The trial came on, and, as I had expected,  
Brown was convicted and sentenced to  
State prison for fourteen years. There were  
few redeeming circumstances in the case,  
and his sentence was a severe one. I looked  
for his composure to desert him under this  
blow; but, on the contrary, he bade me a  
cheerful good-evening as he was marched off  
to spend his last night in our town jail.

I went home with a very uncomfortable  
feeling in my heart. Was it my duty as a  
man to warn the officers of the jail of this  
fellow's hints of escape? But what had I  
really to tell? Only vague assertions about  
friends whose powers I did not believe in;  
and even these made in confidential talks  
with his lawyer. No, I would say nothing.

He would undoubtedly be well guarded, and  
to-morrow the doors of Blacktown prison  
would close securely upon him for many a  
long year.

When I went to my office next morning I  
saw at once that something unusual had  
taken place. Little knots of excited talkers  
had collected on the street corners; fierce  
gesticulations accompanied stealthy glances  
thrown over shoulders; and, as I approached,  
room was made for me to enter the first  
of these bubbling springs of gossip.

"Well, Clarkson," said an old lawyer,  
who had long been my friend and patron,  
"it seems that 'Black Jack' is free, and  
no thanks to you, my boy!"

I started, almost guiltily. "Free? What  
do you mean?"

"I mean that, to all appearances, he was  
asleep and asleep whenever the warden look-  
ed in last night, but that when his breakfast  
was taken to him this morning the figure in  
bed turned out to be only the pillow well  
covered up, while our bird had flown through  
the window by means of the nearest sawing  
on the bars you ever saw."

"Sawing? Where could he have conceal-  
ed an instrument? Was he not thoroughly  
searched?"

"Of course, and he had nothing. Every-  
thing was taken from him except a little,  
old, well-thumbed Bible that had 'Jessie  
Brown' faintly traced on it in old-fashioned  
letters. He said it had been his mother's,  
and begged that he might keep it as the last  
tie to better days. Naturally, they hadn't  
the heart or the conscience to refuse that.  
He must have been helped from outside."

"Who is after him? For I suppose some-  
body is."

"I should say so! The sheriff, and all his  
posse, and half the town besides. They are  
wild at 'Black Jack's' escape, but I don't  
believe they will lay hands on him again  
very soon. He has had too good a start."

And so it proved. After a three days  
fruitless search the hunters all returned,  
giving up the game as too wily for them, the  
sheriff fuming and fretting at an escape that  
had virtually cost him his reputation.

Just a week later the morning post  
brought me a square, stylish-looking letter,  
addressed in a neat, feminine hand. I open-  
ed it with some surprise, as my lady corre-  
spondents were few, but had hardly read two  
lines when surprise became astonishment,  
and that, in turn, amazement. This was  
the missive:

Mr. Obadiah Clarkson—Sir: You won-  
der how I could have escaped from Black-  
town prison. In the same way, I reply,  
that I escaped from Dixon jail. I never  
knew a Prison Warden yet (and I have in  
my time come across a good many of them)  
that was hard-hearted enough to take away  
from me my mother's Bible. Well conceal-  
ed between its double covers are the only  
implements I need to pick the strongest  
lock that ever was made or to file the thickest  
bar that ever was forged. I am off for  
foreign parts, and never expect to see this  
country again. But I liked you, and can't  
resist this parting word. When you de-  
fend another burglar, find a wrierlier one  
than

"BLACK JACK."

You see, the scamp was well educated,  
for his letter bore every evidence of that,  
as did his conversation. He had evidently  
seen better days, and the traces of dead  
manhood in him were doubtless what had  
attracted me. The letter was, of course,  
post-marked from a distant town where he  
had never been seen, and was no help in  
tracing the lost clew. Well, I thought this  
was the end of my adventure. But the  
quickest part was still to come.

The cares of life accumulated rapidly up-  
on me soon after these occurrences, and my  
constantly increasing practice, followed by  
my marriage, succeeded in so filling my  
thoughts that "Black Jack" was driven al-  
most from my memory.

Some five years after this episode my wife  
and I found ourselves making a new home  
in a western State, and, in spite of some  
unavoidable twinges of regret, we soon set-  
tled into contentment and happiness in our  
unaccustomed quarters.

We had been inhabitants of the thriving  
little town of X—only a few months  
when our quiet life was rudely aroused into  
excitement by a general alarm of burglars.

A half-dozen houses were broken into in one  
night; watches, silver, jewels, everything  
valuable and small enough to be easily car-  
ried, taken off, and yet the occupants of the  
various ransacked dwellings not once  
aroused from their slumbers. It was in  
those days almost like magic, and we hard-  
ly knew how to protect ourselves.

The burglars were certainly doing their work  
in the most professional and deft-fingered way.  
Our neighbor on the right had been one of  
the latest victims, and we feared that our  
turn might come. Double locks and bars  
were employed, the police guard doubled,  
and I slept nightly with a loaded pistol  
under my pillow, which alarmed my wife  
almost as much as an anticipated burglary.

But all our precautions were of no avail.  
We waked one morning to find ourselves  
minus our small silver (all that was solid),  
my wife's diamond earrings, her father's  
wedding gift, and greatest loss of all, my  
watch, a family heirloom, which I prized  
highly and which money could never replace.

It bore amid the quaint engraving of its in-  
ner case the name of my great-grandfather,

which was also my own, "Obadiah H.  
Clarkson."

The jewels and the watch had both been  
taken from what we had considered a safe  
hiding-place in our own room, and yet we  
had been conscious of no noise, not even an  
unpleasant dream. But a faint, sickening  
odor in the room, combined with headaches,  
of which we both complained, left no doubt  
that chloroform had been the agent of this  
burglary, as doubtless in all the others. Of  
course, I said that we must accept our fate  
like the rest, as there seemed small chance  
of the rascals being caught. Such a street  
guard, however, was now put upon the  
whole town that our house was the last on  
the list of the victimized.

Three days later, as my wife and I were  
sitting down to breakfast, which just now  
we had to be content to eat with plated forks  
and teaspoons, there came a loud ring at  
the door-bell. The faithful Bridget answer-  
ed the summons, and returned after a short  
parley with a small express package marked  
"Paid."

"My shoes from New York," said my  
wife.

"No," said I; "it is addressed to me.  
The new books I sent to Boston for," tear-  
ing off the wrapper as I spoke.

Imagine our sensations when on remov-  
ing the cover of the wooden box, our lost  
forks and spoons, the blue velvet case con-  
taining my wife's earrings, and my own be-  
loved watch were revealed to our amazed  
eyes.

"Harry" gasped my wife, "where did  
they come from?"

"I don't know," I answered helplessly.  
Just at the moment my gaze fell upon a  
small folded note at the bottom of the box,  
and as I looked memory began to stir and  
waken; for that peculiar, delicate hand-  
writing had certainly come under my notice  
before. Still struggling with this faint and  
elusive remembrance, I unfolded the bit of  
paper and read its contents:

Mr. Obadiah Clarkson—DEAR SIR: You  
may thank your queer name for bringing  
these things back to you again. It was af-  
ter we had left your house and the town  
that I saw the marking on your watch and  
knew that we had robbed a man that I have  
always felt was a friend. I vowed years  
ago that I'd do you a good turn some day,  
and now here it is. I have found out that  
you're the same Obadiah who defended me  
at Dixon, and you're welcome to the "swag."  
I'll never rob you if I know it; for there is  
honor even among thieves.

"BLACK JACK."

"O, Harry, Harry!" sobbed my wife (for  
I am happy to state that my middle name is  
Henry), "I'll never abuse your poor old  
name again! I did think it was frightful,  
but see what it has done for us—that and  
your kindness to that dreadful burglar."

I smiled rather wearily, remembering the  
sentence in the note about "honor among  
thieves,"

## THE BELLS.

OMITTED BY FOR.

Hear the tinkle of the bells—  
Chestnut bells,  
What a world of ancient gags their melody fore-  
tells.  
How they ring, tinkle, tinkle,  
Through the super-heated air,  
While you'd give most anything  
If you could only tinkle  
Something at the "John-mule" there—  
As he chimes, chimes, chimes,  
On that bell a dozen times!  
And a hundred rousing cuss-words from your  
heating bosom swell—  
At the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
At the jingling of the blasted "chestnut" bells.

## THE HINDU WIDOW.

Looked Upon as the Evil One of the Household.

The formal period of mourning for a widow in Bengal lasts for one month with the Kayastha, the most numerous and influential class in that part of India—the Brahmins keeping only ten days. During this time she has to prepare her own food, confining herself to a single meal a day, which consists of boiled rice, simple vegetables, ghee clarified butter, and milk; she can on no account touch meat, fish, eggs, or any delicacy at all. She is forbidden to do up her hair and to put any scent or oil upon her body. She must put on the same cotton sari day and night even when it is wet, and must eschew the pleasure of a bed and lie down on bare ground, or perhaps on a coarse blanket spread on it; in some cases she cannot even have her hair dried in the sun after her daily morning ablution, which she must go through before she can put a particle of food in her mouth. The old woman says that the soul of a man after his death ascends to heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the bodily infirmities which his wife can undergo in the month after the death of her husband. Consequently the new made widow, if not for any other reason, at least for the benefit of the soul of her departed husband, must submit to continuous abstinence and excruciating self-inflictions. A whole month passes in this state of semi-starvation; the funeral ceremonies, which drag on till the end of that period, are all performed, and the rigid observances of the widow are a little relaxed, if it may be so termed, since the only relaxation allowed to her is that she need not prepare the food with her own hands, and that she can change her clothes, but always using only plain cotton saris. The real misery of the widow, however, begins after the first month. It is not enough that she is quite heart-broken for her deceased husband, and that she undergoes all the above mentioned bodily privations; she must also continually bear the most galling indignities and the most humiliating self-sacrifices. She cannot take an active part in any religious or social ceremony. During the wedding in the house the widow must not touch or in any way interfere with the articles that are used to keep the religious marriage customs. During the *poogahs*, or religious festivals, she is but grudgingly allowed to approach near the object of veneration, and in some bigoted families the contact of a widow is supposed to pollute the materials requisite for the performance of marriage ceremonies. The widow is, in fact, looked upon as the "evil one" of the house. If she has no son or daughter to comfort her, or if she has to pass her whole life, as is often the case, with her husband's family, her condition truly becomes a helpless one. During any ceremony or grand occasion she has silently to look on, others around her enjoying and disporting themselves, and if some kind relation does not come to relieve her tediousness she has hardly any thing to do but to ruminate on her present sad, wretched condition. Every female member of a family, whether married, can go to parties, but a widow cannot, and if she expresses any wish to join the family on such occasions it is instantly repressed by the curt rebuke of her mother-in-law or some other relation that "she is a widow, and she must not have such wishes."

## Origin of Slanting Roofs.

To find the source from which the European nations have derived the art of building in stone we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonization. The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts of the ancient Greek buildings, to some of those found in Egypt of older date affords strong confirmation of the tradition that the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, and the reason for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof supported by walls or pillars with architraves is quite sufficient, but when, as in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes a necessity. The Greeks, with their eyes for symmetry, provided for this by forming the roof with a central ridge at an obtuse angle, from which it sloped down equally on either side. The triangular space thus formed at the end of the building above the architrave was occupied by the pediment, and this part of the facade, which owed its birth to the exigencies of climate, was thenceforth regarded as so essential to the artistic completeness of the work that it was said that if a temple were to be erected in the celestial regions, where rain would not be possible, the pediment could not be omitted.

## Open-work wooden materials, lined with rich colors, are used for redigets for autumn wear.

## EARLY QUAKERS.

The Home Life, the Meeting House, and the Marriage Customs.

The home life of the early Quakers differed very little from that of other Puritans so far as outward appearance was concerned, but directly the door was closed the difference was apparent. According to the rules of the society, men and women are in every respect equal in religious and social matters; the wife can be a minister or an elder just as well as her husband, and if she feels called thereto, is at full liberty to speak in the meeting. All readers of Puritan literature know that with whatever respect women may be mentioned, there is always an implied reservation that they are the inferiors of man, and the Puritan husband was usually in a very real sense lord and master. With the Quakers this was not so; the equality in the meeting-house was largely carried into the home life, and that it was not more complete was only on account of the one-sidedness of the law. As may be expected, Quaker households were usually very happy ones. The friends insisted that only members of their society might be, united, and both before and after the marriage assisted in making the wheels of life run smoothly, although it is to be feared they often insisted in turning them a good deal more than was necessary.

## Before two Quakers could marry—

that is, and remain in the society—the parties were required to attend a meeting and publicly announce their intention of being wedded. A committee was then appointed, which instituted inquiries to discover, among other things, whether the man was in a position to marry, and whether he was free from the claims of any earlier affection. They also inquired into the state of his health, and whether his relations had any objection to his marrying, and if not, if they saw reason to object to the wife he had chosen. A committee of women made similar inquiries regarding the girl, and were very particular in examining whether she had flirted unwisely or otherwise misconducted herself. That the young couple had not sufficient means to marry upon was not considered in itself an insuperable bar, for the society, not having the fear of Malthus before its eyes, had a fund from which grants could be made toward furnishing. In very early times the parties were expected to be accompanied by their parents, or at the least to bring duly signed and witnessed assents from them, when they attended to announce their intention of getting married, but this was soon given up. On a date fixed the parties were required to attend another meeting, when, after they had stated they were still in the same mind, and if the committee of inquiry had reported favorably, permission to marry was formally given and a day for the nuptials fixed.

## Sleeping Face Downward.

Hunters, scouts, children and wild men sleep with the spine upward. So do animals, all but civilized man. If a dog, a cat or a horse were forced to lie upon its back it would die. Among the Arabian jugglers and show people that have been brought to this country it has been noticed that they always turn over upon their breasts when they go to sleep and lie that way till they wake. It seems to be the natural way. It protects the vital organs in case of a shot from an enemy.

## The spine and the great amount of nerve tissue that starts from it are the most sensitive parts of the body. Lying with the great weight of the stomach, heart, intestines and other organs pressed upon these nerves it seems must in time work injury. Even the half weight, as when a person lies upon his side, must have its bad effects, it is said. The spine and nerves are also abnormally heated by the common way of resting. Keep the spine and spinal nerves cool, say the advocates of the cow's and the wild man's way of sleeping. There are such advocates, among them able physicians. They affirm that turning upon the breast to sleep will relieve backache. Also, it will leave the nerve stimulant free to flow vigorously from its centres and in that way will remedy indigestion and take away the bad taste in the mouth.

## Many will be surprised to find how difficult it is to lie with the face downward after years of reposing in the other attitude. One cannot do so comfortably ten minutes at first. But practice will overcome the difficulty. The natural method, so called, of sleeping, has many and able advocates, recently.

## Stenography.

A shorthand writer says that it would be a genuine kindness to many poor boys and girls, if the fact could be printed that the supply of stenographers is largely in excess of the demand. Encouraged by the comfortable salaries which some skilled stenographers earn, thousands—literally thousands—of boys and girls in all our large cities have studied or are studying shorthand. Not many of them can hope to get situations. The fact should also be published that the so-called schools of stenography which advertise that they will secure good situations for all of their graduates are delusions and snares. Their main purpose is to get the aspirant started, get his money, and give him a smattering of shorthand.

## An Ingenious Swindle.

A Swindle recently detected is conducted as follows: A check, say for ten dollars, is obtained from a depositor at a bank, and a blank check exactly like the filled-in check is secured. The two checks are laid one upon the other, so that the edges are exactly even. Both checks are then torn irregularly across, and in such a way that the signature on the filled check appears on one piece and the amount and name of the payee on the other. The checks having been

## held together while being torn, or

course one piece of the blank check will exactly fit the other piece of the filled check. The swindler then fills in one piece of the blank check with the name of the payee and the amount to suit himself, say five thousand dollars, takes it with the piece of genuine check containing the signature of the bank, and explains that the check was accidentally torn. The teller can put the pieces together, and as they fit exactly, the chances are that he will think the pieces are parts of the same check, and become a victim of the swindle. The trick, of course, suggests its own remedy. The teller should refuse to pay any check that is mutilated.

## Indian Picture-Writing.

Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write. Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtles, makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the wide-spread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtle three days of hard travel through forests and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies, they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and papooses are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people rush into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle. Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe, when like our Turtle chieftain, badly counseled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another of its great province, and then forces the wretched people to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft-wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:—

## First comes a Turtle and it is a very

big turtle, because he thinks he and his clan are very great personages indeed. Then he draws as many wavy lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with topknots; his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines went by in going to the Bears. Next, he puts down as many little funny pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show how they were destroyed. After that he draws, as well as he can, a woe, woe bear, very small in order to show his contempt for the Bears. Finally, he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads.

## Monte Carlo.

A half hour's journey from Nice is Monte Carlo, the capital of Monaco, the smallest kingdom in the world. Monte Carlo may be safely said to be the nearest approach to hell of any place on this terrestrial sphere. The entire kingdom is only two miles square, a little patch perched upon mountains and running down, or rather plunging down to the sea. It is the most beautiful spot on earth. It has the broad sea in front of it, unbroken by land until it strikes the African coast. It is protected in the rear and on both sides by high mountains and enjoys perpetual summer. The orange trees are in perpetual bearing, twelve regular crops a year being gathered. Vegetation is always bright and green. There is no such climate in Europe, and no place anywhere that nature has done so much for.

## This pocket kingdom is the property

of one family, the Grimaldis, who were made lords of Monaco in 988, and they have held it ever since. The house is now represented by Prince Charles, a really old man who is totally blind. Politely, it is a part of the French Republic. France holds its custom house and postal arrangements, but for some reason it has been left in the possession of the hereditary prince, who governs it absolutely. It has courts, but appeals are heard in Paris, and really it is governed by France.

## Of course it has an army; no prince

could exist without an army. The military power of Monaco is composed of seventy men, two-thirds of them being officers, and the rest doing duty as policemen. However, it is a regular army, with a commissary and subordinate department, and everything regular, exactly the same as that of the Emperor of Germany.

## The family have something of a reputation

for military skill, and have made their mark in their day, but the present prince is not hungering after military reputation. He lives in a gorgeous

## palace and drives magnificent horses,

and lives like a king, which he is in name. The revenues of Monaco are all derived from gambling at Monte Carlo.

## The Widow.

The other day a very dainty young woman in black, with a mourning veil—not too mourning, just about mourning enough—so draped as to set off her shapely head and neck to advantage, entered a large stationery store on Washington street, and said sweetly to a clerk behind the counter:

"Do you have all kinds of mourning cards?"

"Yes'm; we have the cards, and can get them engraved for you."

"Oh, I don't want the kind they get engraved—I want playing cards, you know."

"Mourning playing cards?"

"Why, yes, don't you think they would be real nice and tasty?"

The clerk was obliged to confess that the trade hadn't yet reached the point of supplying playing cards with mourning borders for bereaved lovers of whist and draw poker, and the lady left the store visibly disappointed.

## Matrimonial Item.

"I am very sorry I did not get acquainted with you until I had become a widower," said Col. Percy Yerger to his second wife, with whom he does not live very happily.

"What do you mean by that," asked the partner of his joys.

"Nothing, except that I would much rather that you had been my first wife," replied the fond husband, carelessly.

"Why do you wish that I had been your first wife?"

"Because some other woman would be my present wife, darling."

## Made to Take it All Back.

The liar was telling some of his friends in the smoking-car how he was a government contractor during the war and on one occasion he worked in five thousand pairs of shoes with panted soles.

"Was that just before Second Bull Run?" queried a farmer-looking man on a seat near by.

"I believe it was."

The farmer pulled off an old shoe and exhibited a bunion as big as his fist.

"I got a pair of shoes," he said, as he stood up, "and they made this bunion and lamed me up so that I was captured and spent six months in Andersonville. Stranger, prepare to get the darnedest licking on the earth."

The liar had to admit that he was only sixteen years old when the war closed and to furnish the bunion man with a cigar.

## What They Were.

A hostess who cannot preserve her serenity upon even the most crucial occasions is lacking in one of the most essential qualities of an entertainer. The thoughtless spilling of her best wine, the soiling of her whitest tablecloth, may, even the smashing of a whole trayful of her best old family china, should not cause one muscle of her countenance to quiver.

On the other hand, an affected ignorance respecting the contents of the day's bill of fare is at times almost as fatal as the opposite extreme. I was myself present at a dinner party at which one of the untutored stable-helpers was brought in on an emergency, to assist.

"What are these, John?" inquired the languid hostess, as John tremblingly trust forward a dish of tartelets just under her right elbow.

"I don't know ma'am, really," he replied, "but I think they're a penny a piece!"

## Man's Unselfishness.

He-Well, wife, it looks as though the steamer was about to sink, and there are no life-preservers.

She-Oh, Harry, what shall we do?

He-I have thought. Babies, I have heard, will not sink. If the worst comes I'll throw little Robbie in and you catch hold of him.

She-What will become of you?

He-Oh, never mind me. I'll arrange to get a door or two. That'll keep me up.

## A Smart Young Man.

"College man, Eh?" said old Gram-pus.

"Yes, sir," young Mr. Slim meekly admitted.

"Thought so," growled the old man; "Graduated, I reckon?"

"Yes," young Slim confessed.

"Now," said the old man, "what did you learn when you graduated? Come, speak up if you want the place."

"Nothing," said young Slim, still more meekly; "nothing at all."

"Thought so," roared the old man in triumph; "just what I thought."

"You see," added young Mr. Slim, in a voice that Moses might have envied, "we don't learn anything when we graduate; we have to learn it all before."

Young Mr. Slim deserved the situation, but he didn't get it, all the same.

## He Didn't Blame Them.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers, and had exercised them much to Johnny's annoyance.

One day he said to his mother:

"Ma little brother came from heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

"Say, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you?"

Death makes a beautiful appeal to charity. When we look upon the dead form, so composed and still, the kindness and love that are in us all come forth.

Says Locke: "Intelligible discourses are spoiled by too much subtlety in nice division."

## VARIETIES.

SHE FOUND HIS FAULT.—Some persons' conceptions of Christian conduct are as absurd as that of a very pious old woman who was invited to tea at the home of a family with whom a very worthy and dearly beloved clergyman was staying. He was a man of remarkable purity of character and gentleness of manner, and was universally loved and respected. After tea he excused himself on account of a headache, and went to his own room. "Were you not greatly pleased with him?" asked the lady of the house of this old lady, after the minister had retired.

"Oh, purely well," was the doubtful reply. "I know you would be," said the lady, warmly; "he is one of the loveliest Christian characters I ever met." "But he ain't perfect," was the cold reply. "Oh, no, perhaps not; none of us are absolutely perfect, but I really think Mr. B. comes nearer perfection than any man I ever met in my life." "Well, that may be, yet he has his faults." "He has never revealed them and I am sure he would try very hard to overcome them if pointed out."

"Well," said the discoverer of faults, "everybody has their own way of thinking, but when I see a man, as I saw that man to-night, put two heaping teaspoons of sugar in one cup of tea, why, I've got my own idea 'bout his Christianity, now, that's what I have." "That is not a great fault," said the hostess. "The old lady shook her cap solemnly.—Arkansaw Traveler.

HE APPROVED OF THE TREATMENT.—Old Nelson Bettridge, while working in the woods was bitten by a rattlesnake. In much alarm and in great pain he ran to the house. A physician who happened to be near by was summoned. "Old man," said the doctor, "nothing but whiskey, and a great deal of it can do you any good." But, doctor, I am a temperance man; I haven't touched a drop of liquor for thirty years." "All the better; the whiskey will have more effect." A boy who had been dispatched with a jug soon returned, and the old man, much against his will, began to drink whiskey. He was slow at first, but after a while he "swigged" it with the appetite of an old-timer. "Well," said the doctor, "you have had enough whiskey now; don't drink any more." "Think I've got or plenty?" "Yes, I know it."

"Don't yer think that's er leeble of the pizen hangin' round the corners?" "No, I think you are all right." "Don't think that a leeble, just eruff er it to bother me arter awhile, has erter settled down in my feet?" "No."

"Well, now, Dock, I s'pose we take a drink just for good luck." "I tell you that you must not drink any more." The old fellow sighed, looked at the jug, and asked: "What's become er the snake?" "One of the boys killed it," the doctor replied. "I'm sorry," said the old man. "Sorry! What for?" "Cause I want it ter bite me again."—Arkansaw Traveler.

EVERYBODY who has seen the Hon. Wm. M. Everts, of New York, will remember his

cadaverous appearance, for, although a man above the medium height, he will not weigh to exceed 110 pounds. One of the Senate door-keepers says a few days ago a solid, substantial-looking farmer from the interior of New York State seated himself in the gentleman's gallery and asked to have Mr. Everts pointed out to him. It was at the hour of noon and only a few members were in the chamber. Pretty soon Dan Voorhees emerged from the cloak-room and strode majestically to his seat.

"Is that Everts?" exclaimed the old man, enthusiastically.

"No," said the doorkeeper; "that is Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana."

When General Logan a few minutes later entered the chamber and deposited an awful lot of books upon his desk the old man sitting the doorkeeper excitedly and said:

"That's him—that's the great Mr. Everts, ain't it?"

Again the doorkeeper explained his error.

When Mr. Everts did enter the old man looked at him long and earnestly.

"By goah!" said he in a commiserating tone, "I'll bet he boards."

The PARSON FROM WAYBACK.—Clerical stranger (from Wayback).—"Do you make a reduction for us parsons, mister?" Omaha clothing merchant.—"Well, that question has not been asked before; I will take pleasure in accommodating you, though; are you a preacher?" "You bet; I'm the parson of the Union Church at Wayback."

Well, sir, I have a very nice frock-coat suit I think will fit you; it's a regular preacher suit too." "Frock-coat, eh?" "Yes." "That means the slides come straight down?" "Yes."

"Well, I don't think that's er kind will do; I want something like this." "A cut-away, eh?" "Yes, that's the name, now I remember."

"But—what's your objection to a frock-coat?" "Well, you see, the tails are in the way of the pistol-pocket!"—Omaha World.

AN OLD DISEASE.—Parson Wandecelle Baxter, of the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle, on arriving at his place of worship last Sunday morning was surprised to find nobody present but Sam Johnson, the sexton. "What de debble am de matter dat dars nobody hear?" de Freedman heah because dars a no service because oh do disunwellness ob de pasture. "Did dat foot nigger editor put dat notice in his paper for a fac?" He did dat." "Wall, I declare; I told him 'tainly de notice ob my disunwellness was intended for de Sunday arter nex; he am a fool, ef ober dar was one."—Texas Shiftings.

A CRUEL WRITING.—"How old would you take me to be, Mr. Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, twisting nervously about in his chair.

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen 38 summers."

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks? Glasses at twenty-three?"

"Yes, your eyesight must be bad."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should think so," she pouted.

"Because I'm afraid about 20 summers have gone by that you haven't seen."

FOND FATHER.—I believe my son is a born poet. Would you advise me to encourage him?

Experienced Editor.—Hum! Well, I can't say. Why do you think he's a poet?

F. F.—Oh, he goes about looking melancholy and writing verses.

H. E.—Probably he has some trouble with his liver.

F. F.—Then, he doesn't eat anything.

H. E.—Well, I believe you should encourage him.

"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row."

"I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a train forty miles an hour. That's the way she's been doing all her life."

"But if you know she was in the habit of getting mad why did you marry her?"

"Because if I had heh back she would have got madder than ever. I did it to pacify her, can't you see?"

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